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Columbia Emblem

GROWING CORN

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM
INDIAN CORN

A GARLAND OF TRIBUTES
IN PROSE AND VERSE

EDITED BY CANDACE WHEELER

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
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PREFACE

To the English settlers in America, corn was the general name for all kinds of grain, and they called the golden ears they found here Indian corn, — the corn, or grain, of the Indians. But its melodious native name was maize; and the primitive peoples of this Western world, Aztecs and Incas and the roving bands north and south of these central populations, had, from time immemorial, paid homage to it in rituals and songs and dances, and believed it the direct bounty of their gods. In our own civilization the maize enriches the continent with its beauty and abundance, — its fields waving from ocean to ocean, its harvests nearly equaling in value those of all the rest of the cereals combined.

No other plant is so typical of our greatness and prosperity as a nation; no other

has such artistic meanings and possibilities; no other is so wholly and nobly and historically American. Let each State please itself in a floral emblem, taking whatever best suits its latitude and its love; but to bind them all together, and to symbolize our broad land, let us choose our most significant plant, the stately maize, — the Indian corn!

The selections in this little book cover a wide range, and show something of the history and poetry and value of Indian corn. Thanks are herewith given to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for extracts from books published by them; to Charles Scribner's Sons for paragraphs from a poem of Sidney Lanier's; to S. C. Griggs & Co. for lines from a poem by Benjamin F. Taylor, and to all authors who have so kindly contributed to this book.

CANDACE WHEELER.

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COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM[1]

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

Blazon Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous, golden Corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of earth, 't was born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and silken sheen,
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 't was fed,
Till the gods were fain to share with men
The perfect feast outspread.
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent Maize, —

[1] Originally published in *The Century* for September, 1892. The poem has been set to music by Mr. Leo R. Lewis.

Grains wrought of gold in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal;
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves, the rustling sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest.
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the Great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled Corn,
Of all our wealth the best!
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear;

And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

ZEA-MAYS [1]

SARAH FREEMAN CLARKE

MAIZE, the Indian corn, has a strong though unacknowledged position as our national plant. Let us examine its claims.

First, its history. It was made known to the civilized world by Columbus, who introduced it to Spain. There is no evidence that it was known in Europe before that event. No previous writer mentions it. It is not represented in any antique inscription, sculpture, or painting. No author who traveled in Asia before the discovery of America, no Hebrew, no Greek, no Roman writer makes mention of a grain that could be maize. The *zea* of the Greeks, which is now adopted as the generic name of our plant, was not maize, but the spelt, *Triticum Spelta* (Linn.).

In 1608 the colonists at James River

[1] From "Indian Corn as our National Flower" in the *New England Magazine* for March, 1891.

COLUMN FROM CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

raised a large crop of the, to them, new cereal. In 1621 the Pilgrims at Plymouth received it from the Indians and planted it at once, and but for this friendly grain they might have perished in their first year on that northern coast. It forms, with game, the chief subsistence of the North American Indians wherever they are. It grows in every part of the United States and in Canada, adapting itself to all varieties of soil and climate, thus making itself fit for the food of all. In Canada the stalk is short and the grain matures early, availing itself of all the hot sunshine it can have. There is testimony of its original source in South America, where it has been found growing wild in the moist forests of Paraguay; and it there appears with an additional sheath or glume inclosing each kernel. A. de St. Hilaire supposes this to be the primitive type. It is said that after two or three years of cultivation these chaffy glumes disappear. Kernels of maize have been found in the mounds of Peru. "No one contests the American origin of maize," says De Candolle. There is a tradition that Crusaders brought from Asia Minor to Italy, in 1204, a purse full of grain of a golden color

and partially white, which they called meliza or melya, "*bursam unam plenum de semine sen granis de colore aureo et partius albo.*" This grain was probably sorghum or millet, which was no doubt of Oriental origin, but was not maize. After Columbus introduced maize into Spain, it rapidly spread over that kingdom and into Italy and Turkey and other Southern countries of Europe; also into Egypt, Asia, and China. Such is its history, proving it, by negative evidence, to be distinctly American.

And if we attempt to appreciate its services to mankind, we must nearly encircle the globe. The Aborigines lived on it when game was not to be procured. The discoverers, the explorers, the settlers, the colonists, all availed themselves of its friendly nourishment. The pioneers in our outlying Western tracts could hardly have done without it. The settlers in the new States, with cattle and corn, subsisted till they could procure pork for their hominy. Mush and milk is found to be very good food for a family; and the bread made by mixing corn meal with water and baked on a hoe is light, sweet, and nourishing, requiring no oven, no saleratus, baking powder, salt, ris-

ing, or yeast, and bringing no bad dreams to the sleeper. For the cattle, prairie grass in summer, and hay and corn in winter, are sufficient. The husks also make excellent beds, clean, elastic, and easily renewed. Thus to this friendly plant is mainly due our success in opening the great Western States and settling them.

The kinds of corn that grow best in the Northern States are rich in oil, making a strong winter food for cattle. The kinds that grow best in the South have the most starch in their composition. Pop-corn, the delight of our boys and girls, is so combined in its albuminous and oily structure as to make the kernel very compact and hard, and on bursting with heat to invert the contents of the grain; and this cannot be effected with other kinds. And the joy of the children in popping corn! Who is too old to remember it? To see the little grains throw themselves out of the hot pan, leaping high in the air and turning themselves with an explosion into bonny white flowers, — this memory is so mixed up with happy childhood visits to grandfathers' houses, nutting, and all autumnal joys, that, however old or stupid we may have become, its memory is still gay in our hearts.

But we must return to our statistics, by which we hope to obtain more praise for our favorite. The amount of nutritive matter afforded by maize is inferior only to that of wheat and rice. In the quantity raised and used for food, it is inferior to rice alone. A reference to statistics of cereals grown in the United States in one year will show the value of maize to the nation.

In the abundant and homely usefulness of the corn we must not forget its great beauty. Its stem is strong and stately, growing five or six feet in a few weeks. The curves and recurves of its long leaves give an immense number of beautiful lines. The great variety and beauty of these lines is best seen in drawing the plant, — the twisted leaves springing in such long and vigorous curves from the stem, not drooping, but elastic, and full of strength and purpose to their very tips, which end in spearlike points, fine as a needle.

Is there anything in vegetable nature so delicately graduated as this long leaf dominated and guided throughout by the vital midrib? The uprightness of the stem is secured by certain rootlets which spring from it just above the ground, which presently

enter the soil and hold the stalk tightly on every side, acting as guy ropes, and securing its position against the wind which tries to overthrow it, and the rain which washes the soil and weakens its support.

And why do the stems stand erect like files of soldiers in the field, as if the plants had been drilled to that attitude? It is like an army. A reason for this determination may be found in the arrangement of the parts of the plant necessary for its fertilization. The pollen-bearing flowers are on the culm, where they are set on spikelets standing like a reversed broom. The flowers to receive the pollen are now inside the husk of the cob, occupying the place where grain will come later. How will the pollen so far off reach the ovule, so confined? This is accomplished by means of the silk or styles, two of which pass between each row of the flowers within the husk. The tops of the silk are stigmas, and the pollen being received on them, as a botanical friend explains to me, each grain of pollen dust sends out a slender tube, which, growing through the tissues of the style, conveys the fertilizing influence to the ovule, which soon becomes the seed or grain of corn.

On a still day, when the pollen is ready to be distributed, the brush of spikelets at the culm spreads a little, and the angle at which the cob projects from the stalk brings it directly under the pollen, which falls on the silky stigma, and so is conveyed to its destination. And here it is necessary to say that the botanical authority consulted considers the theory of the pollen-bearing flowers poising themselves so as accurately to throw the pollen on the stigma as fallacious, because, as he says, the pollen is borne to its destination by air currents, and often from some other plant, some neighbor in the field.

But this falling of the pollen on the exact spot where it is needed, though it is but a single observation, seems to be one of those curious examples of intelligent action in plants described by Professor Asa Gray in his book, "How Plants Behave." As he points out, a seed, whether planted with its germ up or down, invariably sends its stem up to air and light, and its root deeper into the ground. How like an act of choice! And how climbing plants stretch and grow towards the nearest support, which, when they reach, they twine around as if to stay themselves before going farther! And may

COLUMN FROM PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT OTTAWA

there not be many ways for the pollen to be conveyed to the germ, so that as far as possible every cob shall be fertilized and bear its appointed burden of grain, which means so much to the farmer?

The fitness for the use of art in painting and sculpture of this beautiful plant has been little tried. For decorative purposes in architecture it has been almost unnoticed. In two instances it has been successfully used. When our national capitol was built, six pillars, still to be seen in the earliest parts of that structure, had Indian corn capitals given them. It is said that this American feature was suggested by Thomas Jefferson, and it is also accredited to Mr. Latrobe of Baltimore. In the Parliament Houses at Ottawa there is something of the same use of the plant, and we have procured a photograph of each example for illustration. In both of these, the ear of corn is seen most clearly in the Washington capitol; in neither has the leaf been made much use of. Its beautiful lines, so long, so flowing, so clearly determined from its shouldered base at the stalk to its spear-like point, curving, twisting, breaking its outline, scalloping its edges, graceful as a sea wave on a

level beach, — how much might be done with the leaves in architectural decoration! And in painting, the harmonic chord of color from the fresh green of the young leaves to the golden glory of the ripe grain, and the deeper tint of the silky tuft, like auburn hair, would have a delightful effect in wall ornamentation.

OF THEIR PLANTED FRUITS IN VIRGINIA, AND HOW THEY USE THEM

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

THE greatest labor they take is in planting their corn, for the country naturally is overgrowne with wood. To prepare the ground they bruise the barke of the trees neare the root, then do they scortch the roots with fire that they grow no more. The next yeare with a crooked peece of wood, they beat up the woodes by the rootes; and in that moulde they plant their corne. Their manner is this. They make a hole in the earth with a stick and into it they put 4 graines of wheat and 2 of beans. These holes they make 4 foote one from another. Their women and children do continually keepe it with weeding, and when it is grown middle high, they hill it about like a hop-yard.

In April they begin to plant, but theire chief plantation is in May, and so they continue till the midst of June. What they

plant in April they reape in August, for May in September, for June in October. Every stalk of their corn commonly beareth two ears, some 3, seldom any 4, many but one, and some none. Every ear ordinarily hath betwixt 200 and 500 graines. The stalke beinge greene hath a sweet juice in it, somewhat like a sugar cane, which is the cause that when they gather their corn green they suck the stalkes: for as we gather greene pease, so doe they theire corne being greene which excelleth their old.

Their corne they rost in the eare greene, and bruising it in a morter of wood with a Polt, lap it in rowles in the leaves of their corn, and so boyle it for a daintie. They also reserve that corne late planted that will not ripe, by roasting it in hot ashes, the heat thereof drying it. In winter they esteeme it being boyled with beans for a rare dish, they call it Pausa - rowmena. Their old corne they first steepe a night in hot water in the morning pounding it in a morter. They use a small basket for their Temmes, then pound againe the great, and so separate by dashing their hand in the basket, receive the flower in a platter made

of wood, scraped to that forme with burning and shels. Tempering this flower with water, they make it either in cakes, covering them with ashes till they be baked, and then washing them in faire water, they drie presently with their own heat: or else boyle them in water, eating the broth with bread which they call Ponap. (*Adventures and Discoveries.*)

. . . And shortly after it pleased God (in our extremity) to move the Indians to bring us corne, ere it was half ripe, to refresh us, when we rather expected when they would destroy us: . . . our victuals being now within eighteen days spent, and the Indians trade decreasing, I was sent to the mouth of the river to Keguountan, an Indian towne, to trade for corne, and try the river for fish, but our fishing we could not effect by reason of the stormy weather. (*News from Virginia.*)

With only six or seven companions, I dropped down the river, and making signs to some Indians for what we wanted, they derided us, as famished men, and offered us a handful of corn or a piece of bread in exchange for swords and muskets. . . . Presently they sent their Ambassadors to me

with corn, fish, and fowl and whatsoever they had, in order to make their peace. Powhatan sent a message saying he would load my ship with corn if I would but send him some men to build him a house, give him a grindstone, some guns, a cock and hen together with much copper and beads. . . . The King and I wrangled over a bargain for ten quarters of corn for a copper kettle, for which, as I saw he was much affected I wanted more, but having regard to our present scarcity I agreed to take it, provided he gave me the same quantity next year. (*Adventures and Discoveries.*)

HOW THE PILGRIMS FOUND CORN AT CAPE COD

In his famous "History of Plymouth Plantation" Governor Bradford tells how the Pilgrims first made acquaintance with Indian corn, and with the beans still so generally associated with it in New England kitchens. The discovery was made while they were searching for "a place of habitation" on Cape Cod, before the final settlement at Plymouth. On the 15th of November, 1620, an exploring party landed at a spot supposed to have been within a furlong of the end of Long Point, and the following day, after a trying experience amid "schuch thickets as were ready to tear their cloaths & armore in peeces . . . at length they found water & refreshed themselves, being y^e^ first New-England water they drunke of, and was now, in thir great thirste, as pleasante unto them as wine or bear had been in for-times." Soon after they came upon a place where the Indians had formerly

planted corn, and upon some of their graves. "And proceeding furder they saw new-stuble wher corne had been set y^e^ same year," and in deserted huts, among other things, found "faire Indean baskets filled with corne, and some in eares, faire and good, of diverce colours, which seemed to them a very goodly sight, (haveing never seen schuch before)." Returning to the ship, they "tooke with them parte of y^e^ corne, and buried up y^e^ rest, and so, like y^e^ men from Escholl, carried with them of y^e^ fruits of y^e^ land & showed their breethren; of which & their returne, they were marvelusly glad, and their harts incouraged." Going once more to the same spot, they found two deserted Indian houses, and "also ther was found more of their corne, & of their beans of various collours. The corne & beans they brought away," intending to pay the Indians for them when "they should meete with any of them," as happened about six months later "to their good contente. And here is to be noted a spetiall providence of God, & a great mercie to this poore people, that hear they gott seed to plant them corne y^e^ next year, or els they might have starved, for they had

none, nor any likelyhood to get any till y^e^ season had beene past (as y^e^ sequell did manyfest)." In the month of April, 1621, a friendly Indian, named Squanto, helped them to plant their corn, "showing them both y^e^ manner how to set it, and after how to dress & tend it. Also he tould them excepte they gott fish and set with it (in these old grounds) it would come to nothing, and he showed them y^t^ in y^e^ middle of Aprill they should have store enough come up y^e^ brooke;" and all these things they found true "by triall & experience." Then Bradford adds, with the quaintest carefulness not to commit himself upon a doubtful point, "Some English seed they sew, as wheat and pease, but it came not to good, eather by y^e^ badnes of y^e^ seed, or latenes of y^e^ season, or both, or other some defecte."

The beautiful custom on "Forefathers' Day," at Plymouth, of placing a few grains of parched corn by the side of each plate at the commemorative dinner, is a reminder of the sufferings of the Pilgrims during this first winter.

IMPORTANCE OF MAIZE IN AMERICAN HISTORY

I. NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER

THE success of the first settlements in America was greatly aided by the fact that the continent afforded a new and cheaper source of bread in the maize or Indian corn which was everywhere used by the aborigines of America. It is difficult to convey an adequate impression of the importance of this grain in the early history of America.

In the first place, it yields not less than twice the amount of food per acre of tilled land with much less labor than is required for an acre of small grains. It is far less dependent on the changes of the seasons; the yield is much more uniform than that of the old European grains; the harvest need not be made at such a particular season; the crops may with little loss be allowed to remain ungathered for weeks after the grain is ripe; the stalks of the grain need not be touched in the harvesting time, the ears

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alone being gathered; and these stalks are of greater value for forage than is the straw of wheat and other grains.

Probably the greatest advantage of all that this beneficent plant afforded to the early settlers was the way in which it could be planted without ploughing amid the standing forest trees, which had only been deadened by having their bark stripped away by an axe. This rough method of tillage was unknown among the people of the Old World. None of their cultivated plants were suited to it, but the maize admitted of such rude tillage. The aborigines, with no other implements than stone axes and a sort of spade armed also with stone, would kill the forest trees by girdling, or cutting away a strip around the bark. This admitted the light to the soil. Then, breaking up patches of earth, they planted the grains of maize among the standing trees; its strong roots readily penetrated deep into the soil, and the strong tops fought their way to the light with a vigor which few plants possess. The grain was ready for domestic use within three months of the time of planting, and in four months it was ready for harvest.[1]

[1] From "The Physiography of North America," in Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History of America*, vol. iv.

II. JOHN FISKE

I should recommend Indian corn for our national floral emblem by all means, because of reasons cited in the extracts from Professor Shaler. I have brought up facts of like import in my "Discovery of America," vol. i. pp. 28, 29, 106, *et passim;* for example, Indian corn, when sown in carefully tilled and irrigated land, had much to do with the denser population, the increasing organization of labour, and the higher development in the arts, which characterized the confederacies of Mexico and Central America, and all the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest. To the Indians east of the Mississippi, living in the lower status of barbarism, it was of supreme importance because of the small intelligence and slight care required for its successful cultivation. On the whole it played a more important part than any other of the earth's products in the life of the American aborigines, and by the most cultivated races among them it was quite naturally and properly made a prominent object of religious symbolism. Moreover it was of very great use to the first European settlers in enabling them to

gain a foothold here. It is more widely and completely identified with the western hemisphere than any other plant. Curiously enough, but naturally enough, it is one of the ear-marks whereby we recognize the historic truthfulness of the earliest records of European visits to America. The beautiful waving plant, with its exquisitely tasseled ears, which was one of the first things to attract Champlain's attention, did not escape the notice of the hardy Icelanders, Leif and Thorfinn, six centuries earlier. They regarded it as a "self-sown" grain, for it did not occur to them to dignify the rude methods of the Indians by the name of tillage. Whence Adam of Bremen, in 1073, speaks of Vinland as a land where corn grows abundantly without cultivation ("et fruges ibi non seminatas abundare"). This is the earliest reference in all literature to the country which we now call America. In this earliest allusion it is already dimly known as the land of maize. Such, so far as floral emblems can go, it unquestionably is. In adopting maize for the national emblem, we do not invent anything out of our fancy, but simply recognize an existing fact. Let me add that this beautiful plant will

lend itself to artistic treatment in a greater variety of ways, and is (I believe) richer in æsthetic suggestiveness, than any other that has ever served as a national emblem.

III. EDWARD EVERETT

Drop a grain of California gold into the ground, and there it will lie unchanged to the end of time, the clods on which it falls not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our gold, of our blessed gold, into the ground, and lo, a mystery. In a few days it softens, it swells, it shoots upwards; it is a living thing. It is yellow itself, but it sends up a delicate spire which comes peeping, emerald green, through the soil; it expands to a vigorous stalk; revels in the air and sunshine; arrays itself more glorious than Solomon in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes, whose sound, as the west wind whispers through them falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear as the rustle of his sweetheart's garment; still towers aloft, spins its verdant skeins of vegetable floss, displays its dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent batons like this (an ear of Indian corn), each of which is studded with a

CORN PALACE (1889), SIOUX CITY, IOWA

hundred grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain; every one instinct with the same marvelous reproductive powers.

CORN AS A NATIONAL EMBLEM

I. HARRIET MONROE

To Deerfield I owe certain lovely intimations which are her special secret, and it was under her giant elms, looking off to her purple hills one radiant morning, that my fancy first heeded the call for a national emblem which had long been sounding through the land. The maize and the tobacco were lying in place together below me over the wide valley of the Connecticut. . . . And my fancy passed to the long, gleaming rows of maize that gathered the August haze as they stretched onward toward the river; passed to the maize, and lingered there among the long, green, shining leaves, among the heavy ears yellowing to maturity, and waving their delicate tassels among the tufted fringes of the crowning flower which tip off the narrowing upward growth with their airy pyramidal point. I remembered that thus the sword-like blades pierced the rich soil of these meadows before Columbus crossed the

unpenetrated seas ; that sun-browned Indian women gathered the yellow ears, and ground them in their hollow stones ; that the pioneer sowed this crop in the wilderness, and won from it food and fodder and fuel; that the negroes of the happy South wrought delicious miracles with it, and served it on hospitable tables in the patriarchal days ; that it has borne its share of the national burdens, and aided the republic in every epoch of her growth. And then I studied the beauty of color and line which dwells in these curving sheaths and pennant leaves, the scintillations of green and yellow which gleam and flash as blade and tassel twist and float and flutter in the summer breeze. Surely the lily of France and the rose of England are not more simple and graceful in form, more rich and various in color. Why seek for an emblem when it is here, true, manifest, immutable ; born, not made, and patiently waiting for recognition? Identified with every stage of our conquest of nature, fulfilling every demand of our material progress, it asks now the transfiguration of art. The poet in some immortal line shall prove its claim and place, the painter shall set forth its beauty of color, the architect shall

conventionalize in rigid stone its stateliness of form. And no one who enters our gates thereafter shall dispute the justice or deny the beauty of the emblem which Columbia has worn from the beginning and will wear until the end.

II. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

Corn is the destined emblem of America.

III. A. P. MARBLE

A sheaf of corn, carved in the monumental stone, or cast in decorative bronze, or painted in mural frescoes or on waving banners, its tassels, silk and green leaves, or the golden ripeness of the yellow ears when the stalks are very dry and the leaves turned brown — this, the growth of the frosty north and of the sunny south, symbolizes the great republic with a more obvious propriety than the fasces of the Romans distinguished that ancient republic.

CORN AMONG THE ZUÑIS

FRANK HAMILTON CUSHING

I. PLANTING THE CORN

All around on the plain were the cornfields, where crops were raised without irrigation, a remarkable thing for such a dry climate. The corn was planted very deep in holes punched with a sharp stick, and was very low in growth, the ears branching out from the stock close to the ground. Maize had been raised in this way for ages. The labor in the fields is done by the men, who in all the Pueblo tribes do not consider, as the savage Indians do, manual labor as something fit only for squaws. (*The Father of the Pueblos.*)

II. HUSKING THE CORN

Strangely out of keeping with the known characteristics of the Indian race were the busy scenes about the smoky Pueblo. All over the terraces were women, some busy in the alleys or at the corners below, husk-

ing great heaps of many-colored corn, buried to their bushy black bear heads in the golden husks, while children romped in, out, over, and under the flaky piles; others, bringing the grain up the ladders in blankets strapped over their foreheads, spread it out on the terraced roofs to dry. (*My Adventures in Zuñi.*)

III. BAKING THE CORN-CAKES

The woman of the house is perhaps at work baking paper bread. She takes a fresh sheet, just off the fire, and, making a roll of it, hands it to us. In her work she sits by the fireplace, with a dish of the pastry corn-meal dough beside, made rather thin. . . . With a quick motion she takes a handful and skillfully spreads it over a large, smooth stone slab, underneath which the fire is burning. It is baked almost immediately, being spread so thin. As soon as done, the sheets are laid above each other until they form a considerable pile. They are in various colors, yellow, blue, green, or red, according to the color of the corn, which is carefully sorted when shelled with a view to this effect. (*The Father of the Pueblos.*)

IV. AN OFFERING OF PRAYER-MEAL

When the train started, they raised the window-sash and prayed aloud, each scattering a pinch of their prayer-meal, composed of corn-meal with an admixture of finely ground precious sea-shells, which they always carried with them in little bags. (*The Father of the Pueblos.*)

V. AN OLD MAN'S PARABLE

Toward the last, the old man talked often of his approaching death, speaking of the future life with an amount of conviction which surprised me. . . .

"A man is like a grain of corn, — bury him, and he moulds; yet his heart lives, and springs out in the breath of life (the soul) to make him as he was, so again." (*My Adventures in Zuñi.*)

THE GIFT OF CORN TO THE ANCIENT PEOPLE

A HOPI (MOQUI) LEGEND

J. WALTER FEWKES

MAIZE, or Indian corn (*Zea mais*), is regarded by the Pueblo people — the agricultural tribes of New Mexico and Arizona — as the best gift of the gods, and their folk-tales teem with references to the beneficent deity who granted it to their ancestors. Their language is rich in words for corn and its products, including the various conditions in the growth of the stalk, and the successive forms which the ear assumes until it is harvested. Different-colored ears of corn are deemed worthy of special names, and different methods of cooking the same have each appropriate designations. This wealth of nomenclature for the corn-plant shows the importance which it has had from the earliest times in the life of the people. Here is one of their legends of this divine gift, narrating its presentation to the tribes

SA-LI-KO-TÁ-KÁ, OR CORN FATHER

by a trio of mythological beings known as Sa-li-ko and his two maiden wives: —

In the early days, before houses were built, the earth was devastated by a whirlwind. There were at that time neither springs nor streams, although water was so close to the surface of the earth that it could be found by pulling up a tuft of grass. But the people had little food, and they besought Ma-sau-wuh, the god of the earth's surface, to help them, but he could not.

Then came among the Hopi a little old dwarf, who said he had two sisters who were wives of Sa-li-ko, and he advised them to petition these personages. So the people prepared an altar, and each man made a feathered offering (*pa-ho*, prayer-plume), which they set in the ground to encircle a sand hillock. Mas-sau-wuh's brother told them that when Sa-li-ko came to the earth's surface, a deep chasm was made wherever he placed his foot; and to the altar they brought a huge boulder for him to stand upon, and laid it between the two feathered sticks (*pa-hos*) offered to his wives. Taking their rattles, they stood long around the altar in silence, knowing no song with which to invoke the god.

Suddenly a lad seized the largest one, and began to shake it and sing. Presently they heard the sound of rushing water, but no water was seen; and of a great wind, but the air was still. And, lo! the rock was pierced through its centre, and the frightened people ran away, except the lad who had sung. Then the god came forth, and lacerated the young hero's back with splinters of yucca and willow, and told him that only to those who passed through these ordeals could Sa-li-ko become visible, and that he had borne the test so well he should henceforth be chief of the altar.

The lad could not describe Sa-li-ko, but said that his two wives were exceedingly beautiful, and arrayed with all manner of fine garments, wearing headdresses of clouds, and of every kind of corn, which they were to give to the Hopi to plant for food, — white, yellow, red, blue, black and white speckled, and seeded grass.

From the interior of the rock Sa-li-ko conversed with him, and told him to gather the Hopi youths about it, that from them he might select his priests. They came, and those who endured Sa-li-ko's flagellation with no outcry were ordered to remain, to

SA-LI-KO-MÁ-NÁ, OR CORN MOTHER

abstain for ten days from flesh and salt, and then to await instruction in his rites.

At the appointed time the god and his two wives appeared, and after many ceremonials gave to the initiated five grains of each of the different kinds of corn. The women had placed grass-woven baskets at the foot of the rock, and therein Sa-li-ko's wives put the seeds of squashes, melons, beans, and all other vegetables which the Hopi have since possessed. Promising to come again, the three took off their masks and garments, and, laying them on the rock, disappeared within it.

Shortly afterwards, Ma-sau-wuh, the fire god, stole these sacred things, and with his two brothers masqueraded as Sa-li-ko and his wives. This led the Hopi into great trouble, and they incurred the wrath of the germ-god, who withered all their corn. The wisest of the Hopi at last discovered that the supposed Sa-li-ko carried a cedar bough in his hand instead of willow, and they then knew that it was Ma-sau-wuh who had been misleading them. One day the hero-lad found the thief asleep, and so regained the mask. The germ-god then withdrew his punishment, and sent the great plumed ser-

pent to tell the Hopi that Sa-li-ko would never return to them, and his festival should only be celebrated when there was a proper number of novices to be initiated. This festival is still observed, and the novices duly flagellated, the ceremonies occurring about once a year.

Among the Hopi, art is still in its archaic condition, and symbolism has reached in it a most extraordinary development.

The Hopi conception of the trio of personages who brought the corn may be seen in the wooden figurines of Sa-li-ko and his wives, photographs of which accompany this article.

An examination of the photograph of the figure of the wife of Sa-li-ko shows prominently, among other symbols, the conventional ear of corn over the forehead. On the head is placed the tablet of rain-clouds which Sa-li-ko's wife is said to have worn when seen by the youth, rising from several various-colored semicircles representing the rainbow. At either side there is set the symbolic figure of the squash-bud which very appropriately finds place on the adornment of the giver of the food-plants. Possibly it is in commemoration of the squash-bud

that unmarried Hopi women still dress their hair in two great wheels, one on each side of the head. The ear of corn symbolized by the rectangular black figures on a white ground, with fuzzy tassels at either end, extends across the forehead, and from its middle hangs a fragment of the abalone, or ear-shell, from the distant Pacific Ocean.

NOTE. — For this legend of Sa-li-ko we are indebted to Mr. A. M. Stephen.

THE BURIAL AND RISING OF MONDAMIN [1]

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Victorious Hiawatha

. . . . . .

Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth and made it
Soft and loose and light above him;
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!
Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin;

[1] From *The Song of Hiawatha.* In Longfellow's version of the Dakota legend, Mondamin, the personification of maize, is conceived as a beautiful youth, a kind of Messiah, whose death and burial are followed by his reappearance as a "new gift of the Great Spirit."

Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

. . . . . .

And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,

As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

THE ARMY OF THE CORN

I

SIDNEY LANIER

. . . . . .

I WANDER to the zigzag-cornered fence,
Where sassafras, entrenched in brambles dense,
Contests with stolid vehemence
The march of culture, setting limb and thorn
As pikes against the army of the corn.

. . . . . .

There, while I pause, my fieldward-faring eyes
Take harvests, where the stately corn ranks rise,
Of inward dignities
And large benignities and insights wise,
Graces and modest majesties.
Thus without theft I reap another's field;
Thus without tilth I house a wondrous yield,
And heap my heart with quintuple crops concealed.

Look, out of line one tall corn-captain stands,
Advanced beyond the foremost of his bands,
And waves his blades upon the very edge
And hottest thicket of the battling hedge.
Thou lustrous stalk, that ne'er may'st walk
nor talk,
Still shall thou type the poet-soul sublime
That leads the vanguard of his timid time,
And sings up cowards with commanding
rhyme —
Soul calm, like thee, yet fair
By double increment, above, below;
Soul homely, as thou art, yet rich in grace
like thee,
Teaching the yeoman selfless chivalry
That moves in gentle curves of courtesy;
Soul filled like thy long veins with sweetness
tense,
By every godlike sense
Transmuted from the four wild elements.
Drawn to high plans,
Thou lift'st more stature than a mortal
man's,
Yet ever piercest downward in the mould
And keepest hold
Upon the reverend and steadfast earth
That gave thee birth;
Yea, standest smiling in thy future grave,
Serene and brave,

With unremitting breath
Inhaling life from death,
Thine epitaph writ fair in fruitage eloquent,
Thyself thy monument.

As poets should,
Thou hast built up thy hardihood
With universal food,
Drawn in select proportions fair
From honest mould and vagabond air;
From darkness of the dreadful night,
And joyful light;
From antique ashes, whose departed flame
In thee has finer life and longer fame;
From wounds and balms,
From storms and calms,
From potsherds and dry bones
And ruin-stones.

Into thy vigorous substance thou hast wrought
Whate'er the hand of Circumstance hath brought.
. . . . . .
Type of the home-fond heart, the happy lot! —
Deeply thy mild content rebukes the land.[1]

[1] Extracts from a poem entitled *Corn*.

II

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR

I SEE in tasseled rank and file the regiments
of corn;
Their bending sabres, million-strong, salute
the summer morn;
The harvest-fields as round and red as full-
grown harvest-moon,
That fill the broad horizons up with mimic
gold of noon.[1]

III

CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN

DRAWN up in serried ranks across the fields
That, as we gaze, seem ever to increase,
With tasseled flags and sun-emblazoned
shields,
The glorious army of earth's perfect
peace.[2]

[1] From *Fort Dearborn.*

[2] Originally published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1892.

INDIAN CORN[1]

THERON BROWN

Bring cakes of Scotland's oatmeal gray,
And German barley brown,
By all the rye of Russia lay
The wheat of Egypt down,
And pour the rice of east and south
From Amalthea's horn —
Their savor shall not tempt a mouth
That knows good Indian corn.

No seed where labor is not free
Can yield such life as yields
The golden grain of liberty
That crowns Columbia's fields.
We love the bread that saved our sires
When hungry and forlorn,
And every autumn feast inspires
Our praise of Indian corn.

. . . . . .

Thou emblem grain, our civic plant!
In zone of sun or snow,

[1] Originally published in *The Youth's Companion.*

Where prairies roll or mountains slant
In rustling beauty grow.
Thy plume our nation's flower shall stand,
And on her bosom worn
Shall shine the standard of the land,
Our golden Indian corn.

THE SONG OF THE TEXAS CORN[1]

JOHN P. SJOLANDER

I WAS dry and dusty;
I was weak and weary;
Now I 'm glad and lusty,
And the earth looks cheery.
Oh the soaking,
Mirth-provoking,
Laughter-making rain!
Soft and silky,
Mild and milky,
Grows my golden grain.

Listen to the laughter
That my leaves are making,
When the wind comes after
Kisses, softly shaking.
Oh, health-giving,
Breathing, living,
Heaven-pouring rain!
Come, caress me,

[1] Originally published in the Galveston *News*.

Kiss me, bless me,
Once and once again!

Let your hearts be singing;
Peal your pæans, peoples;
Set the joy bells ringing
In the lofty steeples.
Praises render
To the sender
Of the joyous rain;
Of the living,
The life-giving,
Of the precious rain.

THE CORN IS IN TASSEL

CAROLINE HAZARD

The corn is in tassel, and each tufted plume
Nods and bows low to his neighbor;
The green leaves are waving through acres of bloom.
Each leaf is a Saladin's sabre
Which cuts the warm air with a soft, rustling sound,
And shakes the light blossom-dust down to the ground.

The corn is in tassel, the hot August sun
Looks down on his work and rejoices;
Low on the earth golden pumpkin vines run,
The gay birds have muffled their voices.
In heat and in silence comes glad harvest time;
The corn is in tassel, the year at its prime.

THE CORN SONG

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
  Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
  From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
  The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
  The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
  Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storms shall drift
  Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
  Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
  Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from the sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

And through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now with autumn's moonlit eves
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let Earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for his golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

MAIZE, THE NATION'S EMBLEM

CELIA THAXTER

Upon a hundred thousand plains
  Its banners rustle in the breeze,
O'er all the nation's wide domains
  From coast to coast betwixt the seas

It storms the hills and fills the vales,
  It marches like an army grand,
The continent its presence hails,
  Its beauty brightens all the land.

Far back through history's shadowy page
  It shines, a power of boundless good,
The people's prop from age to age,
  The one unfailing wealth of food.

God's gift to the New World's great need
  That helped to build the nation's strength,
Up through beginnings rude to lead
  A higher race of men at length.

How straight and tall and stately stand
  Its serried stalks upright and strong!
How nobly are its outlines planned,
  What grace and charm to it belong!

What splendor in its rustling leaves!
  What richness in its close-set gold!
What largess in its clustered sheaves,
  New every year, though ages old!

America, from thy broad breast
  It sprang, beneficent and bright,
Of all thy gifts from heaven the best,
  For the world's succor and delight.

Then do it honor, give it praise!
  A noble emblem should be ours; —
Upon thy fair shield set thy Maize,
  More glorious than a myriad flowers.

And let thy States their garland bring,
  Each its own lovely blossom-sign,
But leading all let Maize be king,
  Holding its place by right divine.

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